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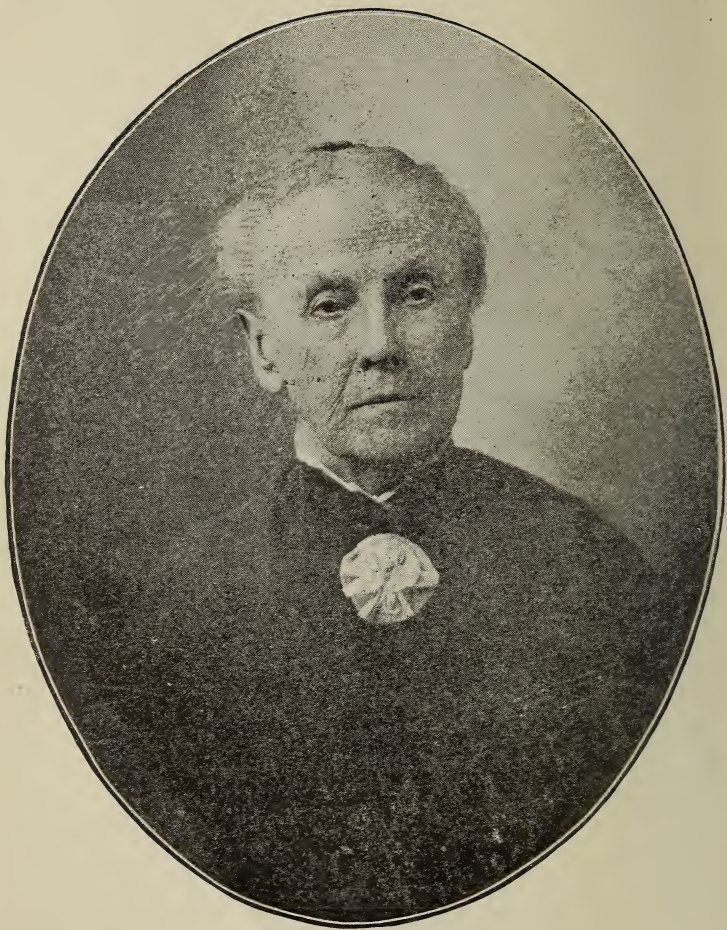
Mrs.
Permelia Ann Post.



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PERMELIA ANN POST.

A Walk With Jesus.

O, for the very closest walk,
With my Savior and friend;
Then as we walk, and as we talk,
No distance lies between.

Heart beats in unison with heart,
And love responds to love,
This being all—its threefold part
Echoes the life above.

It seems too much for one as I,
Once down so deep in sin,
But lo, 'tis said—"In Christ we die."
And then He lives within.

The "nature old" has passed away,
And all things new become;
Now the dawn of eternal day
Rests on "Our Evening Home."

O, it is sweet to love, and wait,
Add'ng daily to my store
Until we reach the "Pearly Gate,"
And shout the contest o'er.

P. A. P

AUTOBIOGRAPHY
WITH
LETTERS, POEMS AND PAPERS

--- OF ---

PERMELIA ANN POST,

WITH POEMS AND DIARY

--- OF ---

REV. WOODRUFF POST.

OLEAN, N. Y., 1902.

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SECOND EDITION

FOR THE

BENEFIT OF MISSIONS.

“Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of
the least of these, my brethren, ye have done
it unto me.”

Matt 25:40.

Drew Theol. Sem.

IN EXCHANGE

JAN 24 1908

PREFACE.

The thought had grown upon me for some time, that perhaps I ought to record some of the gracious dealings of the Lord with me. That one so unworthy should bring her name before others, and that I should attempt the task at my advanced age have restrained me; but, fearing a failure in duty, and privilege as well, I have hastened to meet what seems the call of the Spirit. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do with thy might." (Eccl. 9:10). The work has been done with prayer for direction of the Holy Spirit. I am sure it would have been of more interest and profit had there been from childhood to the present period of life, a measuring up to possibilities, but "all is under the blood", which washes whiter than snow.

P. A. P.

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CHAPTER I.

BIRTH AND CHILDHOOD.

The subject of this memoir was born at Sulphur Springs (now called Clifton Springs) in the year 1820. My parents were Rev. Gideon and Elizabeth Draper,—my father a superannuated minister of Genesee Conference at the time of my birth, ever cheerful, and the light of the home until he departed from this life at nearly eighty-two years of age. My dear mother was very companionable, affectionate, and cheerful; one with the children and did very much towards molding our character.

Under hallowed parental care, a family of seven grew up in the fear of God, and became members of the church. Four have passed on in hope of a blissful immortality. Bible truths were taught, Sin being represented disgraceful, and "a reproach to any people" (Prov. 14:34); hence we came to feel we must abstain from anger, from all improper words and acts, if we would maintain a good reputation, and live in the favor of God.

I have often thought of the gentle, but firm reproof of our dear father as we were seated around the table at an evening repast. There had been a little variance with one of the school girls and it was freely spoken of. Our parents listened patiently when father replied: "Permelia, if we cannot speak good of anyone, it is always better to say nothing." I stood condemned. Then followed a very important lesson on the use of the tongue.

Great attention was paid to our deportment,—
"Whatsoever things are lovely." (Phil. 4:8).

After repeated lessons, another "mountain peak" is reached. Some girls came to school with rings on their fingers and in their ears and we thought, in other respects also, they were better dressed than ourselves, and entered our childish complaint. We were all quiet for a short time, when father arose and took from the book case a volume of Dr. Adam Clarke's Comments on the Bible. He prefaced, and impressed the lesson he was about to teach by giving us a brief sketch of the character and life of the noted man of God, saying: "Dr. Clarke was one of the greatest men of the age in which he lived. He was a holy, consecrated man,

and one of the most learned men of that age. He spent between twenty and thirty years writing his commentary on the Bible. Note what he says on the subject. 'Fondness for dress and ornaments is a relic of barbarism, and savors of a lack of morals, and the pure religion of the Son of God, and weakness of intellect.'" This lesson did much towards arresting a vain and sinful desire for "show" in future years.

Another very useful lesson I will never forget. I am deeply impressed with its importance and feel like saying, "Bless the Lord for Christian parentage." Father said, "Children, proper respect and attention should be shown to all,—all nationalities. God is no respecter of persons, and all should be treated as his creation." These instructions were, practically, impressed by both parents. I recall that, after our moving to Lima, father employed "Irish John," as he was familiarly called, to fill the wood-house with wood, prepared for the winter. Father had been absent from home some time, and after his return, among others, "John" made him a social call, remaining for an hour or more, enjoying the call very much. The children thus saw in

the light of example, the duty of brotherly kindness.

The importance of scriptural repentance and a change of heart were especially taught and enforced.

Our parents did not condescend to any course, beneath the relation of parent and child, by introducing and engaging in games and kindred amusements, which would counteract their own instructions and give us occasion in thought if not in word, to say, "Physician heal thyself." Hence we grew up with confidence in and profound respect for them. I cannot imagine where we would have drifted, as a family, had we not had "line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little." I am deeply impressed with the fearful responsibility of those who have the training of children. One rule given for this most important work, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." (Prov. 22:6) was emphatically taught and adhered to. He only who created us, knows how to instruct, and has given us the rule of life and conduct.

Our associations and education were carefully guarded by our dear parents always.

As soon as old enough we took our place at the family altar, listening to the reading of the Word and the comments that were made; kneeling in prayer as taught, and so we learned to love and appreciate home-worship. We were taught to pray in secret, especially morning and evening—a prayer of praise and thanksgiving for the protection and sleep of the night and for guidance for the new day. There is no recollection of omitting this but once, when a schoolmate spent the night with me, and she not praying before getting into bed, prevented me from kneeling as usual at the bedside for evening prayer. My conscience troubled me and after laying my head upon the pillow, I silently lifted my troubled heart to God for forgiveness and help—“A guilty conscience who can bear?” I think this was never repeated. There were times when the Divine presence was early realized. Two instances come fresh to mind. While engaged in some work assigned on a summer’s evening, my young heart was lifted from “Nature to Nature’s God” and sweet peace prevailed. I was calm and quieted before the Lord, and great joy filled my soul. It was more than “Calm as the summer evenings be.”

From early childhood I might have been a Christian if the way of obedience and faith then had been shown me. O! what a loss! Even now it is realized. But the Blessed Spirit, ever true and faithful, convinced me of sin, righteousness and judgment. The prayer of my heart has been for some time past, "Lord, if it be thy will, prolong my days that time may be redeemed and the design of my being fully met.

Having inherited that buoyancy of spirit which my dear father eminently possessed, I was often wayward in childhood, but conscience helped me to check my wayward life. My dear mother said in after years, "Permelia, you were the leader in mischief."

There were five of us, (the two older children had outlived their childish sports) one older, and three younger than myself. When in our plays, we reached something doubtful, we would pause and hold a consultation, and I would be appointed to go to mother for permission.

During these years we lived in Hopewell, three miles east of Canandaigua, the old homestead occupied, as I write, by the oldest of the family, Mrs.

Mary S. Dunkle, now aged eighty-eight years. Mr. Geo. Dunkle, her husband, was far more than an ordinary Christian. This oldest sister was bright and of great force of character. Had she lived at the time of the incarnation of Christ, when the angel said to the woman, "Go quickly and tell the disciples that He is risen from the dead," we think she would have hastened their steps with the "Gospel message," "Christ is Risen."

When she passes away angels will be commissioned to bear her pure spirit from the "old homestead" to the one eternal mansion.

The school we attended was a mile north from our home. In the winter, the pure white snow driven by the winds, would sometimes be heaped in consecutive ridges from two to five feet in height impassable for pedestrians, especially children. One morning we started—Amanda, Laura, John, Gideon and myself. The snow was falling fast and increased as we advanced. Finally, four turned homeward, more wise perhaps, but the writer pressed onward. The snow continued all day, and at night, when the school was dismissed, I knew not what to do, but, looking out, the white face

of our horse was discovered coming through the almost blinding snow. In a few moments father and I were on our way home. It taxed the poor horse to the utmost, but we arrived safely and I do not remember that a reproving word was spoken.

We were supplied with suitable books and kept in school the year around with but little vacation as our parents regarded an education, without making it a "fad," next to a Bible-Christian life.

We were taught that the far greatest and most important education was secured at "Headquarters" and that all acquirements made elsewhere must be tributary, and in the Divine order. Although restrained and daily taught the Divine requirements, yet our religious developement did not transcend as it ought to have, the intellectual—a loss that, perhaps, can never be made good. The importance of conversion in childhood, I am free to say, is incalculable and ought to be followed by faithful instructions concerning the way to a perfect Christian life.

CHAPTER II.

EARLY CONVERSIONS.

National Camp Meeting at Round Lake, N. Y. A children's meeting had been advertised, and some two or three hundred were present under the direction of the late Mrs. Inskip. An opportunity for testimony was given. Among others a girl arose and said, "When I was ten years old I was converted and I knew it." Her words were uttered with much force. When eleven years of age, I went to a Holiness Camp Meeting, the best meetings in the world. God sanctified my soul and I knew it. Now I am a little past twelve and nobody need ever tell me that God can't convert, sanctify and keep children." While thus testifying, tears of joy and gratitude flowed freely. No one could doubt the truth of the testimony. Her simplicity of manner and appearance elevated her above children with whom she was a little worker.

When my husband and I were at Scio, N. Y. in

1883, a children's meeting was held in the parsonage Saturday afternoon which resulted in the conversion of several children and adults and the organization of a children's class. The meeting was conducted with revival methods. Lois Saunders, age thirteen, was powerfully wrought upon by the Spirit one afternoon. Her mother said to us, "Lois returned from meeting, threw her arms around my neck and said, 'Mother, forgive me and pray for me.' We knelt in prayer. I prayed; then Lois prayed and continued kneeling a little while. On rising Lois said, 'The bad feeling has all gone and peace has come.' We remained silent for a little time then she said, 'Mother, when you make me any more dresses, don't put any ruffles on them.' " The mother added, "I would not dare to, for I saw the child was being taught by the Spirit." The mother, like the majority of professed Christians, was worldly conformed, and nothing had been said in the meeting on the subject. It was wonderful how the dear child grew in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, and how she worked for Jesus, beginning at home.

The result was that the dear mother saw the way

of life more clearly and walked therein, and the ten year old brother sought and found the "pearl of great price." He testified in the children's class one morning of the conscious change and continued—"I dreamt last night I sinned against God and Oh! how bad I felt; but on waking, I found it was all a dream. Oh, how glad I was it was not real, but it was only a dream." A prayer meeting was held with the family one afternoon when the way of Holiness, or Entire Sanctification was taught and the "Life of Hester Ann Rogers" left there for their perusal.

I wish more would read the life of this woman eminent for piety. She was helped, under God, by the teachings of the Wesleys, and those of John De La Fletcher and wife, and soon entered into an experimental knowledge of sins forgiven, the New Birth, and the "Way of Holiness" of heart and life. Although feeble in body, with accumulating cares and responsibilities she was continuously rejoicing in the knowledge of a full surrender and the assurance that the offering was accepted. With such a clear experience she was a real soul-winner. She fell asleep in Jesus at the age of forty. The poor

feeble body was in extreme weakness, but a more triumphant passing from earth to heaven was perhaps never witnessed or experienced.

Our dear Lois read the book which, in connection with the teaching under God, lead her to see her privilege and duty as well. Ere long she sought and found the same blessed experience. Listen to her testimony given in class one Sabbath morning. "After my sins were forgiven and I knew a new heart was given, when improperly treated by any of my schoolmates or anyone, I felt a spirit of resentment and like saying something back, but something told me it was wrong and so I prayed and kept from it. After the prayer meeting at our house I went to my room and prayed that this might all be taken from my heart. Now when anyone or anything tries me I have none of this feeling rising as I used to." A short time passed and, in the class, the leader asked Lois if she retained the evidence of a pure heart, to which she replied,—“I do.” The dear mother said of the daughter,—“Her every day life is all I could wish.”

In connection with the incident I am deeply impressed with what Jesus can do for one, for anyone

who will meet the conditions. If the work is not done, where does the responsibility rest? What an incalculable loss to children, the church; to earth and heaven. Dear Lord, forgive us all for neglect for Jesus sake.

Brigadier Brengle of the Salvation Army held a series of meetings in Olean in the winters of 1897 and 1898. In speaking on the subject of Holiness he said, "We have a little boy, Willie, who was converted at six years of age. Before his conversion one night he said to his Mamma, 'Have I been a good boy today ' His Mamma, holding up her hand, said, "No, you have been naughty as many times as there are fingers on this hand.' She took him to his room, tucked him in his little crib, talked and prayed with him and, kissing him good-night, left. He seemed greatly changed the next day, but said nothing about it till night came and when he was taken to rest, he asked the question of the night before—'Mamma, have I been a good boy today?' 'Yes, all that Mamma could wish,' was the reply. 'Well, after you left last night, I prayed and Jesus forgave all my sins and gave me a new heart.' There was a great change in Willie and he

asked his mother the same question night after night, for days and weeks and the same reply was made. One day his Mamma was going away. Willie was very anxious to go with her, but for some good reason was not permitted. At night before retiring, he asked his customary question—'Have I been a good boy today?' The same reply was given as for weeks past—'Yes, all Mamma could wish.' Willie said, 'But I have not been all that Jesus could wish for after you left. I wished you would break down because I could not go with you.' Willie, a boy of seven, saw the need of a pure heart and entered into that state by the prayers and directions of the mother under guidance of the Spirit. Mrs. Brengle read and explained this passage of scripture, "Wherefore he is able to save them to the uttermost, etc." After their meeting Willie said, "I feel I am 'saved to the uttermost.' " Mrs. Brengle, in relating this circumstance to her husband on his return home, said, "Oh, what a thrill of joy on hearing this testimony." Do you wonder, me dear readers?

I am reminded of a remark of our dear, sainted mother. Our youngest brother was reading law

and his model for imitation was Daniel Webster, whose likeness was prominent in his study. This was before his conversion. Mother, referring to it one day said, "I would rather Gideon would be a humble minister of the Gospel of Christ than the greatest lawyer of this or any other country." It seems our brother thought so too, when he was restored to his right mind.

If dear children are not taught to come to Jesus and their minds develope without these hallowed influences, Satan, ever busy, will occupy them and the fresh, beautiful morning of life will be given to the world.

Bishop William Taylor says, "I have known two or three, who were directed in their earliest childhood into the love of Jesus and their lives, inner and outer, seemed never stained by sin. One especially in the Dominion of Canada approaching ninety years of age."

Many instances might be mentioned of childhood led to God. Commander and Consul Booth-Tucker consecrate their children to God and the Army in infancy. The commander had been ill. They retired for the night. In the morning, on meeting his

family, their little girl, between two and three years of age ran to meet him and when taken into his arms, the child inquired, "How are you, papa, this morning?" The reply was, "Better, I thank you." "Who made you better?" "Jesus made me better." The dear child, raising her eyes heavenward, exclaimed, "Tank oo, Desus."

My sister Caroline, Mrs. Dr. Dayton, took her children to Jesus as really as did the mothers in the days of His incarnation and to the family altar, as soon as they were of sufficient age, and at the evening family prayer-meeting their young voices, in turn, were heard in vocal prayer. The father, from his professional demands, was necessarily often absent from home, and trusted largely their mother for the spiritual care of the children—their early conversion and discipline. The dear mother was true to her trust, (Bless her precious name) taking the children, one by one, to her closet of prayer and giving them, "line upon line, precept upon precept; here a little and there a little." No matter who was present, in the absence of the true and faithful father, family prayer was never omitted, nor blessing at the table. It was a "heavy cross

sometimes" she said to the writer, but she was amply rewarded.

THE "FAMILY ALTAR."

A family group surrounding the altar. The father leads in prayer for much needed help to meet the arduous duties and great responsibilities of life, and for a special blessing on the family he leaves. The mother emphasizes the petition offered and pleads for help as none but a real Christian mother can. Then the dear children in age-order,—Josephine, Carrie, Bennie, George, Edson add their prayers and a heavenly atmosphere pervades the sanctum of home. Although years have passed we feel while writing, the influence of such a scene—silent and mellowing. (A thousand pities for the home that has no family altar). I cannot recall the time said Josephine, when Jesus was not my personal Savior. The second daughter, Carrie, fell asleep in Jesus after a few days' illness, in perfect triumph, aged sixteen, her mother, my sister, yielding her up in sweet submission to the Divine order for she had offered this prayer of faith, "Father help me to be as cheerful in giving her back to thee, as I was in

receiving from thee. Father, Thou knowest best: Leave, or take."

Rev. Benjamin B. Dayton died on shipboard, returning from England, and was buried at sea. Although a great trial to the whole family, yet, undoubtedly, it was the best time and way of departure for "Our Father" never makes a mistake. On returning from the Thursday evening prayer meeting to our parsonage home I opened a letter containing the sad intelligence. Alone, (my husband being at Conference), I extinguished the lights for the night and with tearful eyes laid my weary body down to rest. In that sad hour, Sleep, "nature's sweet restorer," fled; but, while in prayer I saw as distinctly as I ever did the smiling face of "Bennie," as we familiarly called him, and heard his voice—"Aunt, don't weep for me. I am here with mother," (who died a few years before). My tears ceased; and heart-pain was gone, and sleep rested on my eyes that had ceased to weep. "Jesus has a balm for every wound, a cordial for every fear." The two remaining children have given themselves to God and are trying to lead Christian lives.

CHAPTER III.

FIRST PUBLIC PROFESSION.

It was not until I was about eighteen years of age that a public acknowledgment was made of dissatisfaction with my spiritual state, and united with the church in Canandaigua, Rev. T. Castleton, pastor. I was faithful to the means of grace,—preaching, class and prayer meetings, but did not seem to make much advancement in the divine life.

The year before, I had attended a select school in Canandaigua, and boarded with Rev. and Mrs. Carlton, my sister, the teacher being Miss Beecher, formerly of Lima Seminary. Two winters after, I spent in the Seminary at Lima, boarding in the institution. My youngest sister, Laura, of precious memory, who is now among the angels, was my chum.

She became the wife of Rev. Charles Shelling and fell in the midst of labors abundant,—a useful life that “went out” at noon, but arose on the other

side in splendor, to glow through the ages unending. Her uplifting, sisterly influence is even now appreciated as never before. We were the two youngest daughters with not quite two years difference in age, and scarcely held a secret from each other. She spent a week with us in Rochester before her final departure. One Sunday morning, at a National Camp Meeting, at Sea Cliff, Long Island, listening to song and testimony with more than usual thoughtfulness, having just heard of her passing away, when suddenly my thoughts turned to the spirit world and, in imagination. I seemed, as it were, to see her and hold communion with her pure spirit which approached me with a spirit-kiss, so beautiful. I think it was in the year 1842 we changed our residence, moving to Lima, N. Y. for educational advantages.

Some little time after, Rev. F. G. Hibbard, D. D., was stationed at Lima, under whose labors, together with the influence of the late Mrs. Dr. Bartlett, a new era dawned upon my life. An Anti-slavery Society was organized for the benefit of the fugitives in the village of St. Catherines, Canada, before the Emancipation Proclamation, and my husband

and I were appointed by this society to open a mission school among them—receive and distribute the clothing etc. This organization was composed of women from the three churches, Presbyterian, Baptist and Methodist. Mrs. Bartlett, President, who said, “I would love to go myself if I could leave my family.” So great was her love for the suffering African race. “I would rather have the good will of the poor than the rich.” Such a precious friend in my youth, before my married life, influenced me in the pursuit of a life of entire devotion to Christ and every good work, more than any other, perhaps, outside of my home. An Anti-slavery prayer service was statedly held, in which it was her delight to be found pleading for the poor fugitive. Now, after a lapse of fifty years, I hear earnest pleadings, “May we feel for them, as bound with them.” I see her heaven-lit countenance suffused in tears as we rose off our knees, precious saint of God. I loved her dearly, next to our own family. Easily and naturally she took up her lines of work, visiting the sick etc. Home was never neglected: all was neat and tidy. The needs of all the members of her family were met. Then, as

health and strength permitted, under the direction of the Spirit, she went out as did the Savior, to seek and save the lost, sympathizing with the afflicted, supplying the wants of the needy, and pointing the unsaved to the world's Redeemer. She was an angel of mercy to many. Her sympathy for the poor slave knew no bounds. In Mrs. Bartlett's last sickness she checked the weeping at her bedside saying, "Instead of weeping, you should rejoice that another sinner is saved by grace and nearing home."

"A minister asked her, "Now, as you are poising between two worlds and have an increase of the celestial life, do you think you have been unnecessarily particular in some things and might have conformed a little, more, here and there for the sake of influence?" The reply was, "I see everything otherwise and would be more particular, if possible, scrupulously adhering to all the teachings of the Bible." She closed her beautiful, saintly life by conversation with her mute son in the mute language. With her fingers purple in death to the second joint, she told him of her blissful falling asleep in Jesus. Her family and many friends ex-

pected just such a "crossing" after such a devoted life. She fulfilled the command "Come out from among them and be ye separate, touch not the unclean and I will receive you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." (2 Cor. 6:17).

One day after her death the attention of Mrs. Wilbur Hoag, a preacher's widow, was attracted to two poorly clad boys wandering in the cemetery. She said, "It was a beautiful summer's day. My window which looked upon the cemetery was raised and I called to them. They came to me and said, 'We are looking for Mrs. Bartlett's grave.' These words touched a tender cord and immediately she joined them in the way to the newly made grave. The two brothers, about ten and twelve years of age, sat down upon the grave and wept bitterly. I asked them why they wept? They replied, 'Mrs. Bartlett used to come and see us, talk and pray with us and bring us clothes and something good to eat.' " The family was the only needy family in the village and the cause of their poverty and wretchedness was that their father was a drunkard.

CHAPTER IV.



A NEW EXPERIENCE.

A new era dawned upon the writer at twenty-five years of age, which all the changes of following years have never effaced. The pure everyday life of Mrs. Bartlett and the preaching of Rev. Dr. F. G. Hibbard, our new pastor, with his pastoral visiting and doctrinal teachings, under the influence of the Spirit, arrested my attention. Every Sabbath morning for several weeks, Holiness was the theme of his discourses. The Spirit attended his preaching. The church became quickened and interested in the "Central Doctrine" of the Bible. Then, a "holiness meeting" was appointed for Tuesday evening of each week. Earnest seeking for this state of grace now became my daily pursuit. One Sabbath morning, being detained from church by a slight illness I took my Bible and went to a retired room with this resolve fully made, "This room will not be left until the blessing sought is received. I had

knelt but a few moments in prayer when the Light entered into my soul. My sins were forgiven, my guilt removed, and I was filled with joy unspeakable. The precious Bible, from that glad hour was a new book. Great delight was had in reading it, and in prayer. "Behold, old things passed away, and all things become new." Not long after this experience a present of twenty-five dollars was given me by a member of the family, a large portion of which was spent in the purchase of religious books which were of incalculable value,—*"The Life of Madame Guyon,"* in two volumes, translated from the French into English by Prof. Upham; *"Catherine Adorna"* from the Italian by the same; Prof. Upham's *"Interior Life,"* and *"Way of Faith,"* etc. I also had the reading of the lives of the sainted Fletcher and wife, and Hester Anne Rogers, and *"Laws Serious Call to a Holy Life,"* etc. The class of reading was food indeed.

Being naturally very light-hearted I had been given to "foolish talking and jesting" (Eph. 5:4), but now this was all gone. My light-heartedness was purified and turned into another channel. I naturally chose for companions those of like mind and

heart. Nor could speaking evil of others in derision be indulged. I remember saying to Mrs. Welch, wife of the steward of the Seminary, older than myself, and much in advance spiritually, "I am prejudiced against Brother——". The gentle reproof was never forgotten. Although taught from childhood that this was sinful, and taught the folly and sinfulness also of worldly conformity there had been, to a limited extent, a violation of the teachings of the Word, and of my parents, which I perceived one Sabbath morning as we were kneeling in prayer in the church. I had purchased a hat the week before and, for the first time, appeared with it. It was not quite up to date with the fashionable hats now worn, but there was worldly conformity unjustifiable. While kneeling, the true posture for prayer, my fancy hat was presented to my mind, as clearly perceived as though I had seen it with my eyes. By the light and help of the Holy Spirit the lesson was learned, once for all. If there had been a turning away from this timely teaching, undoubtedly the light would have become darkness. The objectionable was laid aside and the gospel style,—not only of attire, but in the home-

life generally was adopted. It was shown to me clearly a duty, as repentance, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. Thousands have made shipwreck of faith at this point, have been drawn into the whirlpool of fashion and little by little sacrificed all.

Pride is fostered, when it should be nipped in the bud; and the transgressor becomes less and less likely to secure the peace of Christ, drifts farther away and dies early peradventure without hope of Heaven. Should my influence or example endanger others? Provision has been made for the redemption and salvation of every son and daughter of Adam. "Whosoever will, may come and partake of the water of life freely." (Rev. 22:17). We will not forget that "Pride is an abomination to the Lord." All alike are responsible and shall stand at the day of adjudication, which is swiftly approaching, to be judged by the Word which has been given us as a lamp to our feet and a light to our path." Will we be able to say, "I have stood aloof from the sins of the day, I have washed my hands in innocency?" If so, then we shall hear the "Well done thou good and faithful servant." May these truths be burned into the very center of our

being by the power of the Holy Ghost fire. The multiplied amusements, games, etc., professedly for needed rest, but which kill time which is not ours, but a precious gift from our loving Father who says, "Redeem the time because the days are evil." (Eph. 5:16). Jesus has given us a beautiful example when he and his disciples were wearied from much toil. Hear His precious words which must have been as heavenly balm to body and mind. "Come ye yourselves into a desert place and rest awhile." Rest, the entire being often needs. We well remember at work on a laborious charge seven miles out from our parsonage home, having attended two preaching services and a class meeting. How weary we were! And when within three or four miles of home, the thought came—if you could be transported to the place of rest, what a luxury it would be. After some refreshments and rest, came the evening service. Oh, the sweet rest after having given our entire strength of mind and body to God's work, second only to the great rest of faith.

The path of self-denial clearly perceived has, by divine aid, been chosen and taken. Love for souls

has been experienced as never before, a missionary spirit which accompanies all born of the Spirit. Also work in the Sabbath school, prayer and personal effort for others, are engaged in as they had not been before.

Soon after this new experience the first death occurred in the family, that of my sister Amanda, the third daughter. Her husband, Rev. Thomas Carlton, was at this time Presiding Elder of Corning district. Mrs. Carlton's health failing, she desired to return home for a while that she might have the medical care of her brother-in-law, Dr. D. D. Dayton. She gradually declined under the most careful treatment and finally the doctor felt obliged to inform her that death was "only a question of time." The next morning she said to me, "No one can know what my feelings were at this disclosure. I thought if one of you, Laura or yourself, could only go with me." She said to her husband, "If the Lord permits. I will be your guardian angel," and she talked privately with her brothers, aged eighteen and twenty-one, giving each a token of remembrance. She passed away early one April morning at the age of twenty-seven. We can never forget

that morning. The family group were assembled in the upper room. The cot on which the dear dying one lay was placed near the open window where the father sat who carefully drew aside the curtain that she might have fresh morning air. The air was like that of a summer's morning, perfumed from the flowers of the trees near by, upon which a bird had lighted and was caroling its sweetest notes. As her breath grew less and less we knelt in prayer, led by Prof Schuyler Saeger. All was over soon. The "beautiful and well-favoured" form was still for the angel of death had come and accomplished his permitted mission.

What Mrs. Carlton might have become by grace divine or have accomplished towards the extension of the kingdom of Christ, with longer life, is known only to him who "doeth all things well." We trust she is with him who redeemed her by his most precious blood, chanting his praise forever

"Where sickness, sorrow, pain, and death
Are felt and feared no more."

Truly God moves in a mysterious way.

The Elixer of Life.

The Elixer of life is loss of th' will
 (The mission of Christ on earth to fulfil)
 And with the loss comes the greatest net gain,
 The pure will restored from sins deepest stain.

Now roaming with the divine ev'rywhere,
 Through the realms of nature, grace, here, and
 there,
 Only second in all the regions of light,
 Adapted to all that is pure and bright.

Peace reigns now in full, the contest is o'er,
 No selfishness struggling for wrong ever more.
 The design is met, the purest life found,
 Forever the weapons of warfare are ground.

Eden is gained more perfect than of yore,
 And richer gains far than ever before;
 The Tribune this greatest problem solved out,
 Jesus, the Crucified, brought it about.

It's enough, by grace, I'm captured at will,
 So surrender at once; and now fulfil
 All Thy gracious, loving mind in me,
 Thy child on earth, and yet walking with Thee.

Gift divine (expressing Infinite Love,
 Atmosphere pure of the Eden above),
 Bestowed upon all who repent, believe,
 For Jesus the "water of life will give."

CHAPTER V.

MR. POST'S PARENTS.

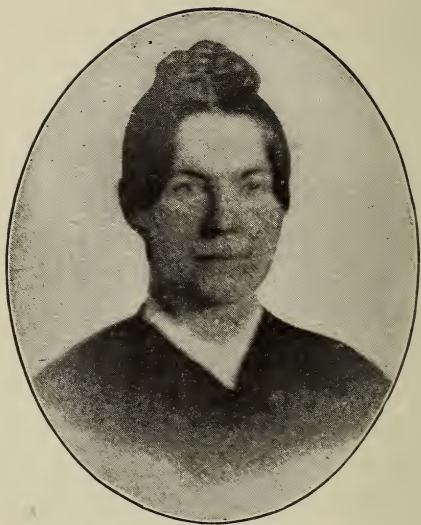
On an eventful day in the year 1805, in Hebron, Conneticut, Mr. Jordan Post was united in marriage with Miss Melinda Woodruff, aged respectively thirty-five and twenty-eight. Not long after their marriage they moved to Toronto, then called Little York, Canada, he a member of the Presbyterian church and his wife a member of the Methodist church. Mr. Jordan Post's occupation was that of a jeweler and engraver and being of pleasing address and a conversationalist, he soon gained many patrons and accumulated much wealth. He was not sectarian in spirit and gave a lot on King's street to the Methodists on which they built their first church in Toronto. This was when my future-to-be husband was a little boy of four or five years of age. After years of prosperity, Mr. Post visited his native state accompanied by his second son, Woodruff, then sixteen or seventeen years of age,

who was so delighted with the spirit and thrift of the Americans that he made up his mind that when he should arrive at manhood, he said, "this shall be my people." His dear mother passed away in her fortieth year. She had been an invalid for several years and in great quiet sank to rest in hope of a blissful immortality. Her efforts and prayers for her family, two sons and five daughters, are all over, but the fragrance of her Christian life still lives and will continue long after the family are gone in that land which knows no parting. To her son Woodruff she said, "Read good books." A few years after, his father, seventy-eight years of age, entered through "The Pearly Gate" into the land of rest. He had, in his earlier years, been taught the faith of Calvin—"Once in grace, always in grace." In later years having heard the testimony of a minister who said, "I was converted and knew, without a doubt, my sins were all forgiven and rejoiced in possession of the new birth; but not watching and praying as I should have done, lost my first love. In deep humiliation repented and sought forgiveness. The Lord heard and answered prayer and restored me to His favor. Mr. Post

said, "Such has been my experience and from that time belived I could fall away; sought and found forgiveness and was restored to the divine favor." In his closing sickness, when he could no longer speak his son Woodruff enquired, "Father is the way clear?" By a movement of the hand he affirmed that it was. Mr. Woodruff Post, my husband, entered the seminary at Wilson, Niagara Co., N. Y. where he became acquainted with the late Rev. W. H. DePuy, who advised him to attend Genesee Wesleyan Seminary at Lima, N. Y.

I'll walk in "The Way" till th' close of life's day,
When I shall hear th' glad call—away, away!

Then plume my glad wings and soar upon high,
Above land, and sea, and the starry sky.



MISS PERMELIA ANN DRAPER.

CHAPTER VI.

THE BRIDAL DAY AND TOUR.

On the 16th day of May, 1850, in the early morning, the family group, consisting of my dear father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Dunkle, Dr and Mrs. Dayton and daughter, Rev. and Mrs. Charles Shelling, Mr. and Mrs. John C. Draper and Mr. Gideon Draper, Jr. were assembled at our parents' home in Lima. In a few moments the bride and groom appeared, the groom in a neat suit of black, the bride in simple attire. The "ceremony" was performed by Rev. John Copeland. The breakfast repast was over and we were soon on our wedding tour, during which my new relatives of Mr. Post, in Toronto, Canada, and other places, were visited. We saw the necessity of watchfulness and praying lest being diverted from the proper improvement of time we should lose spirituality. I found much pleasure while visiting different places, in

circulating, at proper times and occasions, religious literature and in Bible study etc. It was interesting to notice the works of human hands as well as the wondrous works of God in various sceneries. Truly this world of grandeur and beauty created for man should insure admiration and devotion in hallowed service to his creator. In visiting my husband's relatives and friends I sought humbly to benefit those with whom we visited. I remember one occasion in particular, while at the house of Mr. and Mrs. S——, in Toronto, relating the dealings of the Lord with me. It was a cross and the enemy was near to hinder, but favorable opportunity presented itself when alone with Mrs. S—— and no sooner had I "opened my mouth" than Divine aid was given. A blessing came to me and she seemed much affected. In visiting in Toronto in 1897, I met one of Mr. Post's nieces whom I had not seen for over forty years, Miss Josephine Milbourne, now deceased, a matronly woman, past sixty, a lovely Christian of the English church, who said, "I well remember the sweet verses of Madame Guyon you repeated when visiting us on your bridal tour" and she rehearsed a few lines of

"Love Divine——". When, by Divine grace, we have been the agents of help to others, and have witnessed many helped heavenward, though there ought perhaps to have been multitudes, the thought is very humiliating and a great stimulus to the better improvement of the time remaining.

'Tis joy to pass this blood-bought blessing round,
round,
Tell of the true riches which we have found;
A special gift to the Spirit-born soul,
To tell how the wounded may be made whole.

CHAPTER VII.

SETTLED IN GENEVA, N. Y.

On our return, we settled for the winter in Geneva; we gave in our names to the church and were in the Sunday school as teachers, also taught a Bible class in the African church. Desires continued and increased for the blessing of entire sanctification. One Sunday morning I was detained from church by the inclemency of the weather. After my dear husband had left and I was alone the thought came—"Now is a good time to seek and obtain the long-sought boon-holiness of heart and life." Five years before, on a wintry Sunday morning, alone with God, I had sought and found the "new birth." The decision made, I immediately knelt in prayer. The first thought, "is my consecration complete?" was brought before the Lord and this promise came to my mind, "If ye are otherwise minded in anything, I will reveal even this unto you." Under the influence and direction of

the Spirit I pled the fulfilment of this promise and soon it was clearly shown me that my good name or reputation was withheld from the offering and this must be given up to make the offering complete. In a word—

“Myself to Christ I have given,
My talents, time and voice,
Myself, my reputation,
The lone way is my choice.”

The conditions had not yet been met as the Holy Spirit revealed and it cost a real struggle in prayer before the will surrendered. When it did surrender, the Holy Spirit clearly revealed the fact of a sacrifice complete and put to me the question, “What is the next step?” and helped me to answer, “to believe the offering accepted.” I had no difficulty in believing now inasmuch as all the previous steps had been taken. The way was as clear as a sunbeam. Probably it should be said here that

Mrs. Phoebe Palmer’s writings on “Consecration and Faith,” under God, were a great help to me in believing the offering accepted the moment it was made. The Spirit bore witness with my spirit that

the work was accomplished and, to my inner vision, my heart was as a sheet of white paper,—“No evil principle was left caged” and the joy, the fruit of faith was “unspeakable and full of glory.”

“Tis done! Thou dost this moment save,
 With full salvation bless;
 Redemption through thy blood I have
 And spotless life and peace. ”

The blessing was as specifically sought as that of conversion and the assurance of this state of grace as clear as that of the new birth. It admitted of no doubt so that the enemy has not had here the least advantage. As frequent and persistent as his suggestions have been all along the way, I have never been tempted to doubt conversion nor cleansing of my heart at this time from all unrighteousness. His suggestions have been on the line of not keeping the offering complete and believing its present acceptance.

I believe it to be all-important that the doctrine of Holiness as well as that of true repentance and the new birth be kept before the people especially the church if it meets God's design,—“A city set

upon a hill which cannot be hid." Our limited experience has taught us that it is impossible for a church to maintain its normal condition without this teaching. Two charges especially are brought to mind where conversion and holiness were continuously kept before the people, as states of grace to be attained and retained with continued growth (I give an instance from the writings of Mrs. the result was a continuous revival, a deeper and more thorough work in the church. *error*

I give an instance from the writings of Mrs. Phoebe Palmer when she began a series of meetings in Toronto. The pastor of the church conducted the preliminary exercises during which time Mrs. Palmer was hesitating what subject to present as the congregation was mostly not of the church. She says, "The pastor, introducing me to the audience, announced that my theme would be holiness. That of course decided the matter." At the conclusion of the public address an invitation was extended as usual, to all who desired the blessing of holiness to come to the altar for prayer, and to seekers of religion as well. An infidel came from the gallery, knelt with the seekers, sought and

found the forgiveness of all sins and was made to rejoice exceedingly in the knowledge of sins forgiven and adoption into the Heavenly family.

Mrs. General Booth, in a letter to one of her children says, "Make the religion of Jesus Christ the first thing of your life, and in all your effort for others, so live and labor as that you shall be able so say with the apostle Paul, 'Follow me as I follow Christ.' Your father is such a man." No one can tell how much and what will be accomplished if the Spirit shall have free and full course in him and through him. I do not know that he had full possession and control of anyone, but the enemy seems to have had full possession and guidance of many precious souls, who have yielded to his suggestion and power until the last ray of hope has gone out in everlasting darkness. Their redemption having been provided for they might have been by grace, among the innumerable company of the blood-washed around the "throne" of eternal glory.

Church of the living God, awake!

Thy beauteous garments wear,
Compass the world for Jesus' sake,
Who did our burdens bear.

CHAPTER VIII.

ST. CATHERINES AND ITINERANCY.

We left Geneva in the spring 1851 and returned to Lima. The Anti-Slavery Monthly Concert of Prayer and Anti-Slavery Aid Society meeting weekly for the benefit of the fugitives of St. Catherines, originated by Mrs. Bartlett, were in operation at this time. I can never forget the exalted pleasure and profit of these gatherings. When our public work was entered upon, help was drawn from this source.

Aid societies can be so conducted as to be spiritually helpful to both old and young. On our charge at A—— such an aid society was organized for the benefit of a church in process of erection. One of the members of the Presbyterian Church, a lady in good standing, invited the society to meet in her parlors, which were in the principle hotel of the village. The kind invitation was courteously acknowledged and accepted. When the hour ar-

rived for devotional evercises the work was laid aside and a Bible called for. The proprietor who had come in, saw the Bible and the prospects. He seemed somewhat embarassed and politely withdrew. It was a warm day. The doors and windows of the spacious building were thrown open wide and the never-to-be-forgotten hymn that everybody loves, "Jesus Lover of My Soul," was sung in the spirit. So distinctly was every word articulated through every part of the building that all could understand.

Entering on our mission in St. Catherines, our oldest pupil, Mrs. Wilson, over "eighty," said, "I can't always be present on time; have our breakfast to get an house to set in order." She entered the room with a courtesy in a comfortable, clean dress and neat, plain white cap. She said, "I came to learn to write and to pronounce words in the Bible." Mr. Post sat by her side and, as best he could, taught her how to hold the pen, which was no little task as she had been a slave and her hands were misshapen from toil. The dear aged woman made very good progress, being an earnest Christian, and so eager to learn that she did better than

most young persons. I had the privilege of teaching her to read the Bible more perfectly. She would now and then close her eyes and silently lift her heart to the Lord in praise for the privilege. I believe the precious saint is now before the throne in holy communion with "Our Father." One morning early, after most of the scholars had come, the door opened and a little four-year-old girl entered in a blue delaine dress which my niece, Carrie Dayton, had outgrown. She came to me, put her hands in my lap and lifted her head to have her little hood removed and then quietly went to the seat assigned her. Precious child, we loved her just as much as though she had been lily-white with "sky-blue eyes and golden hair." We trust we will meet many of them at the "river" where bright angel feet have trod. After remaining nearly a year we went to Rochester and boarded with Rev. and Mrs. John Parker until the session of Conference, known as East Genesee Conference, in 1857. From early manhood Mr. Post felt called to the ministry in Canada. His first appointment was at Italy Hill, N. Y., where we had the satisfaction of seeing sinners saved. We both felt the great

responsibility but having learned to apply to the Strong for strength we entered upon the work hopefully and joyfully and remained in it twenty-two years. Success, all of grace, more or less crowned the labors of each year. On our first charge, early in the year, a prayer-meeting was appointed at the parsonage to pray especially for a revival. One of the most devoted members of the church, Sister Blood prayed, being a woman of faith, that none be present but the pastor and wife and herself. No one else came. The meeting lasted between two and three hours. As we bowed before the Lord, in united and continued supplication we prevailed. The community, one after another by name were brought before the mercy seat for salvation. Soon a revival was the result, souls were saved, the church edified and strengthened.

At this period in the history of Methodism we did not always find a parsonage fitted up for occupancy which made the "moving" more burdensome; but it being a part of the program, we were enabled, by grace, to perform this part with cheerfulness and take "the spoiling of our goods" in the same spirit. We always found some to give us a

heartily welcome and were at once "at home." "This is our people." Our prayer always was "Lord, send us just where we can accomplish the most for Thee," and we sometimes felt if there was a field more difficult than others, "Here am I, send me." "Anywhere for Jesus.". What wonderful condescension to choose human agents to extend and build up the kingdom of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, in this fallen world! Co-laborers with Him. Truly, "angels might covet such a privilege." I have sometimes taken up my fountain pen to write when it has failed me. On examination, I have found no ink in the barrel. So, in our work for souls, unless we are filled and under the influence and guidance of the Holy Spirit, our labors are fruitless and in vain. We felt this need as we went from charge to charge, and no one but our Father knows the wakeful hours at night, the earnest pleadings had in the closet and the victories won.

The height of our ambition was to cast in our mite towards keeping the church up to the gospel standard, and to live in harmony with God, that there might be no occasion to say, "Physician heal

thyself." To bring young converts into our midst, without being sufficiently able to help them become strong and faithful Christians, pressing forward unto gospel perfection, was our earnest desire. How many heart-aches has the writer endured along this line, while in public work and since retirement and in this soul wrestling has pled at the mercy seat for "Pentecost" on the church. On witnessing such a heaven-born baptism, I could more cheerfully adopt the language of Simeon—"Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." Just in proportion to the thoroughness of the work everywhere, in the pulpit and class meeting, pastoral visiting and personal conversation is the work extended in the church and community. I recall two churches in which the revival influence continued the year around with now and then a soul converted and another sanctified, with continued growing interest. At C——Mr. Post preached a sermon on entire sanctification as obtainable now on the part of the fully justified, (who have the witness of sins forgiven), and described the way of its securement. I think it was in the evening, and the first

sermon Sister M——had heard on that subject. After returning from church, she and her husband knelt in earnest, supplicating prayer for the much desired boon and continued their meeting until midnight. At dawn of day we were summoned by the words, "Will you come to Grandpa's? Grandma is dead." With great surprise and sorrow, we hastened to the bereaved home. There was the lifeless form of the dear saint and the husband at the bedside, weeping. As best he could amid sobs, he said, "I never heard such a prayer for herself, for me, the church, and the people." This dear sister had said to me before leaving the church that evening, "I did not feel able to come out tonight, but to encourage my husband I came."

If the Holy Spirit had been allowed to accomplish His full work, this poor, fallen world might before this, have been conquered and given back to Christ. O, that the coming church and all laborers in the Master's vineyard may understand more fully her possibilities and measure up to the very extent of our privilege in Christ Jesus!

CHAPTER IX.

INSTANCES OF ANSWERED PRAYER.

We were only partly settled on our first charge, when Mr. Post was called to Rochester on important business. The house we occupied was large. The chambers were unfinished and the kitchen as well, but it could be occupied. At once it was homelike and enjoyable, being located on an eminence which commanded extensive views of varied and most attractive scenery. A dark night followed a rainy day. As it neared nine o'clock, I made arrangements for retiring, and extinguished the light, but, as soon as my wearied head rested upon the pillow, fear seemed to take full possession. The conclusion had been reached that I would not draw upon others when left alone. Immediately the heart was lifted in prayer; but fear, instead of subsiding, increased. I think the enemy had something to do with it, but continued, persevering prayer, with faith, brought perfect victory and

great rejoicing. I laid down as composed as though my husband was at home, and slept soundly all night. It was not only a victory for the night, but for all after time.

When at A——, a few years subsequent, a donation was held on a certain evening at the parsonage for the purpose of helping to meet the preacher's salary. There was a fine, intelligent class of young people, but they were accustomed to amusements, including dancing, sometimes, at such gatherings, as we were informed. We had been but a few weeks with the people and were extremely anxious to promote the spiritual interests of the church and community, and it seemed nothing was left us but recourse to prayer. An hour or two before the time appointed, with a pressed spirit, I went to my closet, shut the door and poured out my heart in earnest supplication. Faith claimed the promise, and joy took the place of sorrow. In a little while dark, portentous clouds covered the sky. The rain fell in torrents and continued so long as to prevent the gathering. A train of cars could proceed no farther and remained over night, the passengers staying in the cars. In the morning the refresh-

ments provided for a large company were sold to the "hungry multitude," and more money realized than was anticipated from the evening gathering. "Our Father" knew just the best way. The evil was prevented, and the hungry fed.

After 10 years of labor, in which we had taken no vacation, Mr. Post felt the need of comparative rest, and took a supernumerary relation for a year or two. We were located in Rochester. One night, Mr. Post being out of the city, in the darkness a loud rap was heard at the door, with the cry of "Fire, Fire," which awoke me suddenly from a sound sleep. The room was nearly as light as in the day. I arose quickly and, on looking out of the west window, I saw a huge column of rolling, dark smoke, sparkling with fire. The strong west wind blew the burning cinders into the yard. Calm and collected, under the Spirit's influence. I could do nothing but pray and believe, and this was resorted to. On rising from prayer to watch the progress of the fire, I saw the wind shifted and danger was past. My heart even now glows with thanksgiving and praise for this, as well as many other deliverances.

We were again wonderfully delivered from fire,

in answer to prayer. We were aroused from sleep. A brick store three doors from us was in flames. The buildings between it and us were wooden structures and the flames were reaching to consume them. With beating hearts we knelt in prayer and the precious promise came, "It shall not come nigh thee." Restful calm took the place of fear, and we with our neighbors were delivered from devouring flames and exposure to one of the coldest mornings of the winter. Our thankful hearts made us sing the Doxology, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." When we came to Rochester it was with a consuming zeal to accomplish there the most possible for souls. I remember especially this item of conversation as we were walking out—"The finest dwelling in the city, offered, would be no temptation, if we were obliged to take care of it. Our time which is a part of our estate is too precious to be occupied in that way." We thought of these sacred words—"They overcame by the blood of the Lamb and by the word of their testimony."

A meeting was opened in our room for the "promotion of holiness" which continued until Rev. Dr.

F. G. Hibbard was appointed pastor of Asbury church who instituted such a meeting in the parlors of the church. A gay, thoughtless young man, who, with his parents, was in our boarding house, came one evening evidently for no good purpose. The light chandelier needed adjusting and he laughingly offered his services. No sooner had he arisen than he fell backwards from the chair on which he was standing and was taken up unconscious and laid on a bed in his room, from which he did not rise until he promised the Lord he would live a different life. He kept his promise and the last we heard of him he had become a member of the Presbyterian church.

The cause of holiness advanced slowly. A number who were opposers to the "Central Doctrine" of the Bible received the truth. Dr. and Mrs. Palmer were afterwards invited to hold a series of meetings on holiness in the church. There were a few faithful witnesses to the whole truth and had been for years. "God had not left himself without."

CHAPTER X.

MISSION WORK IN ROCHESTER.

We had not been long in Rochester before an ardent desire, increasing with the passing days, moved us to look after the African people. In the Western part of the city, nearly a mile from us, we found a Zion M. E. Church and in the basement a sister, Mrs. Anthony, who was sexton. We said to her we had been drawn here for several days past. No sooner had we spoken than she began to weep and said, "I have been praying for two weeks past for the Lord to send us help," and then she began to pour into our ears the multiplied needs of her people. She resembled sister Amanda Smith, "full of faith and good works." We lent a helping hand for the winter one night during the week, and "Our Father" blessed our united efforts and precious souls were born into the kingdom. Jesus was with us "mighty to save" that was enough. Glory be to his matchless name for ever

and ever! Amen. After this we spent about a year in mission work in the northern part of the city, and one winter in another section, we assisted Sister Laidlaw of our own church. One Sunday afternoon in a love-feast at the Asbury church, my husband was selected to aid her in work in her own home, a three story brick building, the first floor of which was converted into a chapel for religious services. On hearing Mr. Post speak she inwardly exclaimed, "I have gotten a man of the Lord."

Sister L—— was a very self-denying laborer, a Christian woman, a member of the Frank Street M. E. church. One instance in connection with her persevering labor occurs to me. A young man who was leading a sinful life, found his way, with others, into Sunday evening meeting. Such was his conduct she was obliged to lead him out of the room, encouraging him at the same time to come when his deportment would be in keeping with the occasion. By dint of persevering labor and prayer, the nineteenth effort was a success. Months passed, if not years, and, Mr. Post, being in Rochester, was accosted by a fine looking young man, accompanied by a beautiful young woman,

who said, "Mr. Post, you don't know me?" "No," was the reply, (this was at the close of a temperance meeting) and he introduced the lady as Mrs. C——, (his wife) now engaged in reform work and both leading Christian lives.

If all cities were dotted with missions led by men and women of the "New Testament" type, what a different aspect would these great centers all over our country and the world present.

Mr. Post had thought of taking rest for two years but was detained at two different times, five years in all. During our stay in Rochester we lost our property through craftiness of designing parties, which brought to us new experiences, trials, and victories. One day, contrasting the present with the past, a silent voice whispered, "Don't you remember what has been said about about Brother and Sister Post in the past—They have nothing to trouble them and can live faithful, Christian lives. If they had to pass through what others have, they might fail sometimes." "Now, in your present change of circumstances, glorify me." It was enough. The Spirit illumined my darkness and joy thrilled my entire being. The sweet voice of "Our

Father" was more to me than all other precious gifts and nerved me to increased faithfulness in life and service. It was a real permanent uplift and helped me to a more perfect Christian character and labor, just that which I was anxiously seeking. The Father knows how, to perfect, to save, to purify, and transform, and how to make us even to rejoice in the process.

My husband, after several years, was given work in Pittsford, near Rochester, where another remarkable answer to prayer occurred.—After retiring one night and had fallen asleep, the thought came, "There is more wrong being perpetrated," accompanied by a pressure of spirit. I thought my husband should not be disturbed for he had retired very weary and so alone I lifted my heart in prayer, but the pressure increased. Until, by grace, my faith rested on the word, "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." No sooner had faith reached these words than the supplication was answered. The Holy Spirit brought the intelligence, and I had perfect rest and joy in the Lord. The next morning's mail brought a letter which confirmed

faith's assurance as to the answer to my petition.

In the fall of 1877, we entered again the itinerant work.

The morning we left Rochester for our new field of labor is well remembered. As the key was turned the rain was pouring down though having a very long walk to the street-car, my steps were light and joyous. To have as the aim in life a perfect Christian character and service in the divine order causes days and years to pass sweetly and swiftly and they are all too short for what ought to be accomplished.

At evening we arrived at our new appointment at C——. and were in the quiet, new home of brother ———. How pleasant after the day's journey to have a cordial welcome in the home of some of our own people. All through our twenty-two years itineracy "Our Father" gave us the sympathy and support of the more spiritual portion of the churches where we labored, and often raised us up fast friends among the unconverted.

It seems but proper to say here that, although I love to hear my brethren preach, I never cared for a change in the pulpit for twenty-two years. I

have often heard my husband say, "I can't preach without the Spirit's help. Often the Holy Spirit descended upon the congregation. To the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost be all the praise, and the glory for ever and ever, Amen."

After much prayer and deliberation, my husband in 1887 requested a superannuated relation, which, being granted by the Conference, we removed to Olean, N. Y. After a few month's rest, my health being measurably restored, there seemed to be another field opened for me. My husband was called to resuscitate the broken down and indebted African M. E. church building, and reorganize the society. Some time after he had entered upon this work I was, one Sunday morning while preparing for church, arrested by a still small voice speaking to my consciousness, "Can you not do this for me?" Now my interest was largely transferred to the needy African people. The church-building improvement went on rapidly, because the Lord helped. An aged colored sister, visiting her people here, said, "I never saw a church grow so fast." Our prayer-meetings were seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord; so were class meet-

ings and preaching services; and our Sabbath school was to some extent at least, a church nursery. Before the year closed there was a comfortable church edifice, a parsonage fitted up and we rejoiced together in the Lord. When the citizens saw our colored brethren and sisters had a mind to work, they, also, lent a helping hand. All my husband's services were gratuitously rendered and we continued in the work nearly three years and then took up other work that came to us in the order of Providence and have found more than enough to do. Nearly every year since coming to Olean, now about fifteen years, we have opened our parlor for weekly prayer services which have not been in vain. The parting group have retired rejoicing, praying for divine favor to abide with this house where they had received pardon and baptisms from on high. Now, as this life recedes and the shadows gather slowly, how specially pleasant and refreshing it is to sit in the twilight and review the days and years past. Our thoughts, as fleet as light, fly back to early childhood; then turn and come down the rapidly flowing years, so we pause here and there to review the battles fought, the vic-

tories won in our united lives and labor for Him who said, "Go work today in my vineyard." The shortcomings and failures are left with God and the eye rests on the "mountain peaks" which rise here and there along the fourscore years. A cause of rejoicing has commenced that knows no ending. "Our Father" condescended to take our case in hand and use us, to some extent, to advance His Kingdom in this "lost" world. It is not all rest, review and comfort in "Our Evening Home;" our parish seems to have so enlarged as to take in the "wide, wide world" ever laboring in prayer, especially, therefor. I am aware this should be written with the most humble views of self, only as "Our Father" uses us. "Prayers are commanded for all men; for kings and all that are in authority, that we may lead quiet and peaceful lives in all godliness and honesty." (I Tim. 2:1)—a command which is becoming more and yet more emphasized with the broadening outlook. Can such a command be enjoined, and properly observed by the disciples of Jesus without grand results O, for obedience and faith corresponding, in some degree at least, to the extent of our petition. Thousands of pages of re-

ligious, Sabbath and temperance literature, attended by prayer, have been sent out the past year, and the desire of heavenly birth, "to cease at once to work and live," has found a lodgment in my heart. Shall not prayer be heard and answered?

In closing this small volume, need I offer apology for referring to relatives; of the courtesy, assistance and generous thoughtfulness of my dear niece, Josephine E. D. and her husband, Rev. John Easter, Ph. D., of Clifton Springs, N. Y.,; or for mentioning the favor of my elder brother, Mr. John C. Draper of Canandaigua, N. Y., and his affectionate family; or for that of my thoughtful nephew, Mr. Geo. D. Dayton of Minneapolis, Minnesota, and family?

Of my younger brother, formerly of New York Conference.

My dear nephew and niece, Rev. Gideon Draper, 2nd., and wife, write as follows:

"In the fall of 1899 Gideon Draper, D. D. of the New York Conference, and his wife Charlotte P. Draper, came to visit in this beautiful land of the Rising Sun, Japan.

It was Dr. Draper's intention to make a study of

Christian work in this Empire, and through the Church papers acquaint the people at home with its progress and results. But being in ill health when he came, God saw fit to take him to his inheritance within seven weeks of his arrival after he had visited but one small Sunday School. He had often said to his wife, "Japan, and then Heaven." He left us on a beautiful Sabbath day, Dec. 8th, 1889.

When recovered from the first shock of the great bereavement, Mother Draper looked for some work to do for her Master in which to find consolation in her sorrow. Being always full of good works and a woman of large experience as a pastor's wife, she tried various schemes, one of which was the distribution of tracts amongst the jinrikisha men, and hired a young earnest believer to devote his whole time to that neglected class. Mother Draper's heart was touched by the sound of the 'ammas' (blind man's) whistle in the dark, silent night. These blind men and women walked the streets giving their plaintive call every few minutes, soliciting the privilege of helping others as, best they could to obtain a few annas.

There are thousands of blind in Japan. Many

have been made so by small pox or licentious living, but the practice of carrying children on the back with faces upturned to the bright sun will always be a fruitful cause of blindness to this nation. It became a burden upon her heart to start a school for this neglected class to teach them the Barille system of reading and writing. Through the help of Miss Bender, principal of the Girls' school at Aoyoma, a graduate, who understood English well was secured to be her helper. After a few months of patient toil, during which this young lady endured much persecution, the school was started. From then till now it has continued and probably over one hundred have learned to read and write, and have heard of a Savior through its instrumentality. Many have become Christians. In Hakadota, where the winters are long and cold, Mrs. Draper started another school in 1895. The first pupil in this school, Miss Chika Miyazaki, has been educated by us in the Tokyo Government School for the blind by way of preparation for our Yokohama work. She has a bright, beautiful Christian experience and has successfully led several of her classmates in this School to believe in her Savior.

Mrs. Draper died on April 7th, 1899, in great triumph of faith. Even in intense suffering when nearing her end she testified to being on the mountain top in glory and thanksgiving, and that her whole soul was filled with joy unspeakable. She was laid at rest in the Green Hill (Aoyama) Cemetery, Tokyo, by the side of her dear husband to await the resurrection.

Mira Haven Draper."

Being now September, A. D., 1902, in my eighty-third year, I cannot expect to remain in "Our Evening Home" much longer and can scarcely ask a more blessed closing of this life, which seems to be the vestibule of Heaven. My husband's relatives, too, have also been very kind and are dear to me. I think of Mrs. Maria Closson, his only sister living, who so cordially received and entertained us when on our wedding tour about fifty years ago, in her pleasant home in the Town of Scarboro, Ontario, Canada. We shall never forget our visit to Toronto and vicinity, just a few summers since, when by "favor" and invitation of Captain John Arnold, and the interesting and kind reception of

nephews and nieces, we were also delightfully entertained, both in Toronto and at his country-cottage home, Richmond Hill, where he had, many years previously, parted with his dear wife, Maude, until "the resurrection." Now since our return, tears mingle with our joys, for both "John" and Maude's sister, Josephine, have gone to join a heavenly group who had passed on before.

"How blest at last, joyous we go
"To share in Christ's eternal love,
No more of parting here below,
To dwell in endless bliss above!"

W. P.

CHAPTER XI.

PAPERS WRITTEN FOR PAST YEARS PERIODICALS.

THE WAY.

By P. A. P.

“I am the way, the truth and the life.”

There is only one way for all God's created intelligences on earth; it is readily found and easy to walk in when there is a willing mind. In order to this there must be correct teaching, coupled with corresponding practice. If there is a little deviation in practice and instruction the power is gone, for the Holy Spirit withdraws from agencies which do not harmonize with divine methods and plans of operation. What a sad failure at this point—doing evil that good may come. It never comes. There may be a seeming good, but it is like the “morning cloud and early dew.” We see it, to our great sorrow, almost everywhere—in the nursery, school-room and pulpit. Not long since, in a temperance meeting for children, one Sabbath after-

noon, we heard these words from a good woman professing an entire consecration to God: "Our exercises will not be all of a religious character; we will have some merry things." The good woman had a good object in view,—to induce the children to come—and she verily thought the promise of some funny things would answer the purpose.

We are here reminded of an incident in brother W. Taylor's "Ten Years of Self-supporting Work in India," the conversion of Mr. E. Lackshmen Row. He esteemed himself a Christian, although he wore the "sacred thread," the "cue," and the "mark," because at heart he lost faith in heathenism, and had in a measure embraced the Christian doctrine. He requested baptism, which was refused by the missionary, who told him he needed the new birth instead of baptism. The missionary held before him God's standard of repentance and Christian character. He abandoned the "mark" and the "thread," then expressed a readiness for prayer. We brought the shears to cut off the "cue," but he declined, and plead "looks," "custom." He said, "Let us pray here, then I will go and have my hair cut." The missionary replied, "I do not kneel be-

fore God except in his covenant." The Brahman left, in a few moments returned with half the length of the "cue" cut off, saying, "I have turned out the devil and all his work." Enough of the hair remained to form a short "cue," a passport back to heathenism. He again left, but soon returned with the shears, saying, "Cut it off to suit you." The missionary cut it short. All now knelt in prayer, and in a few moments the heathen was born again. His face beamed with joy divine as he clasped the missionary's hand in Christian love. Eleven days after his conversion brother Lackshmen Row was fully sanctified. His consecration and trust for this state of grace was definite as his surrender and trust for pardon. He exclaimed, "O, this joy! It is inexpressible." His whole being was impressed with the divine power.

THE UNPROSPERED WEAPON.

No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper. (Is. liv. 17.) The child of God has nothing to fear. If always true, like the needle to the pole, no harm shall come near him. True, "they

shall gather together, but not by me," saith the Lord. Every strategy on the part of the enemy and his agencies in this and the spirit world, shall utterly fail. The arch foe cannot measure arms with the Infinite. Efforts will be made, broad, deep and dark; but every portentous cloud will have a bright lining. Yes, all these threatening evils envelope a rare good, a choice gem.

"The clouds you so much dread
Are big with mercy and shall break
In blessings on your head."

Then let us not spend golden, passing moments in fear, but ever remember, "no weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper." O let our care be to maintain a growing union with Jesus. See that not the least thing intercept this inflow and outflow of life and love between the Savior and thee. Precious inheritance, child of God. Nothing like it in the wide, wide world. O, listen to the voice of Infinite Wisdom, "I will lay thy stones with fair colors, and lay thy foundations with sapphires. And I will make thy windows of agates, and thy gates of carbuncles, and all thy borders of

pleasant stones." Then will not our Father often walk in his garden of spices, delighting and being delighted with his own? Yes, we'll be charmed by his voice, and rejoice in his presence with a joy that no human word can convey, and be satisfied. What in an enemy's land, surrounded by legions of foes seeking thy life, and to disinherit thee? Yes, here is victory in every engagement, rest in toil, quiet in confusion, peace in strife, joy in sorrow, and perfect safety amid a host of foes.

P. A. P.

INFLUENCE.

How often we have heard these words, "O, I have not much influence," uttered by many with a sad incredulity, by others with an air of careless indifference. Listen friends, we may have a word for both of these classes. No one, however remote or obscure his humble home, what may be or has been his surroundings and social position, but that has an influence as far-reaching as eternity. As a tiny pebble dropped in the mighty ocean produces a circle of waves, and this another circle until the shore is reached; or sound upon the circumbient

air, according to the theory of some, travels continually through space, so is influence. A word, an act, or even expression without articulation, is repeated, one generation after another, photographing until the spirit land is reached, and then forever. We are not aware of the extent or power of influence. What is my influence so far reaching? Yes, a husband, wife, brother, sister, father, mother, son and daughter are indelibly impressed, these come in contact with other minds, the circle widening ever. If this influence is deleterious, O, who can compute, or appreciate the wave of sorrow thus put in motion, or the numbers enveloped hopelessly in the dark billows. Beloved parents, think of those idolized children reaping endless woe through your influence. Husband, that darling wife enclosed in everlasting despair because you were not a child of God, and commanding your household after you; yes, eternal night is peopled, that nocturnal domain inhabited through the power of influence. Hark! we hear the response of the lost, here in ever augmenting despair through the power of influence. The thought startles me as I write, what waves have I put in motion by my in-

fluence! How many are encircled therein! Are they drifting to eternal death? We drop the curtain, and turn from the appalling scene.

Another panoramic view is drawn. All is joy and gladness, the sky is clear, the sun shines, birds are singing among the branches; streamlets ripple all around, and the balmy air is redolent of ten thousand flowers; there are happy voices, smiling looks, and joy on every side, for millions, yes, a multitude that no man can number, by the sweet power of a holy influence, are wending their blissful way to the Eden above. And as they enter the pearly gates they are met by the redeemed who won them, by grace, from the paths of sin and folly to the highway of holiness. O, the ways and means are legion by which we can influence to the right, happiness and Heaven.

“A word, a little word in kindness spoken, a motion or a tear,” has won many a poor saddened heart-crushed one to a life in Jesus. Not only words, but a life hid with Christ in God, expressed in every day acts. And then what rays of light radiate from the closet o’er this sin-darkened world. My dear sisters, we may not be called to the more

public labor, yet we may accomplish much in our respective spheres. Let us be diligent to cast in our mite into the treasury of the Lord; and perchance it may be said, "She hath cast in more than they all." In silent hour, alone with God, we can offer the prayer of faith, which is always heard; and to our subjects of petition let us add yet another—the success of this angel of mercy, the Free Press, that it may be indeed a light along the shore of time. Pray that the spirit it breathes may savor, as it does, yet more and more of Heaven, and every word be gentle, loving, burning, that thousands of the rising generation may be rescued from the maelstrom it exposes; and that those who are called to this very difficult, laborious, and even dangerous work, may be fully equipped and go forth in the spirit of the Master, to sure and certain victory, that their pathway may not be too rough, and in God's own time return with the victor's crown.

P. A. P.

“OUR EVENING HOME.”

Dec. 6, 1902.

O'er three and fifty years today
 We at the altar stood,
 Pledging each to th' other all th' way
 Through evil and th' good.

Not trusting in our strength, but Thine,
 Lord, lead us, year by year,
 And make Thy glory round us shine
 And fill our hearts with cheer.

Sometimes the clouds of sorrow lowered,
 And tears were made to flow;
 But soon, alas, our spirits soared
 And we had Heav'n below.

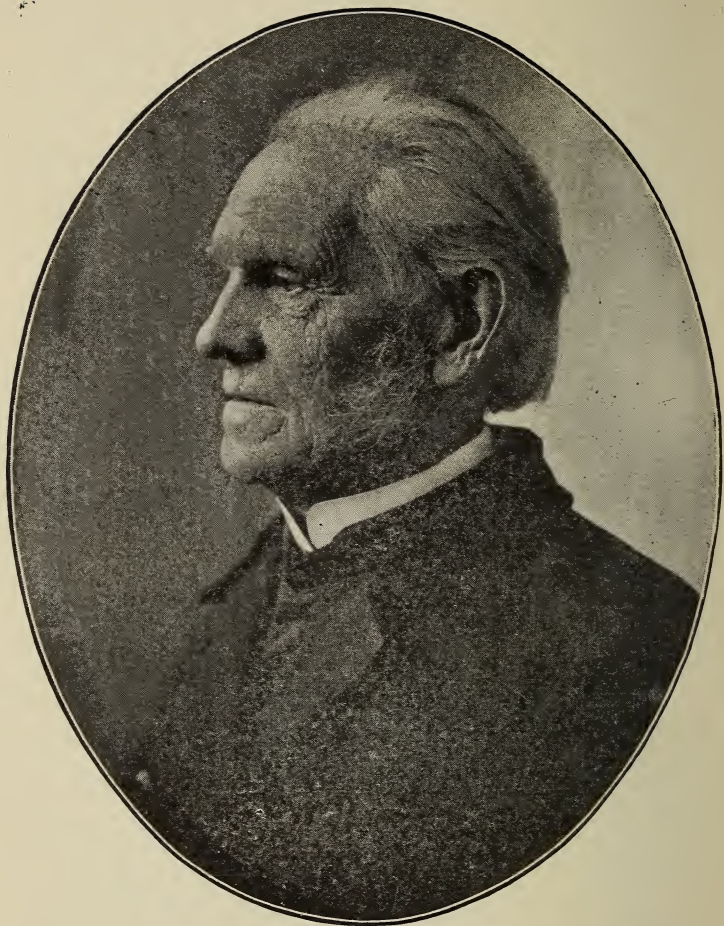
Far more of joy than of sorrow,
 This earthly cup has filled;
 If dark today, bright tomorrow,
 For so “Our Father” willed.

Now, to the close of life we've come,
 Down to the river's side;
 And almost see the “Mansion Home,”
 Beyond the swelling tide.

D A Dast

Long. long, I've lived,
How little know!
How little done!
It seems, alas, just as I go!
My work is but begun!
It may be so, but 'yond this life
Another life I live;
I go to Him whose love is worth
Perfection's life to give.





WOODRUFF POST.

FROM
Dec. 6th, A. D. 1820.

Age 82 yrs

TO
Dec 6, A. D. 1902.

CHAPTER XII.

MR. POST'S DIVISION.

Being requested to occupy a place in wife's book for mission's benefit, it may not be stepping aside too much to say that prior to the life-contract, a fondness for "the chosen" led her suitor to a ^{sort} of unappreciated and inconsiderate generosity by resolving to bind her with a chain around her neck and ornament her ^{less} hand with choice gold offerings. But to my thoughtful^{ness} and chargin^g, her devoted profferer was kindly and tenderly made to understand, "gold rings and chains had no charms for her." Nor yet a "coach of four," which a young lady acquaintance—member of the same church—declared, "under the circumstances," that she herself would quickly avail herself thereof. Not so. With Permelia a firm and steady course was pursued, regarding the voice of God, 2nd. Peter, 3:3, 4, 5 and 1st Timothy 2:9, 10 and 1st John 2:15, 16—"Rather than listen to that, of even friends, when the Holy Spirit said, 'beware.'"

My Husband's Early and Later Experience.

When about my 18th year, in my native home in Canada, I became specially interested in my soul's welfare. At a "protracted meeting," on the first night of my attendance, I was persuaded to go with others to the altar for prayer and continued to do so each evening, with a firm resolve to seek until I found what my soul was longing for. "I sought the Lord with all my heart and He inclined unto me and heard my cry and brought me out of an horrible pit. Out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings and put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God. Ps. 40:1-3.

The whole tenor of my life was changed. I seemed to be in a new world. Indeed, "old things had passed away and all things had become new." (2nd. Cor. 5:17). My constant effort then was to strive to win others to the same happy and joyous state of life.

Progressing in this spiritual life I pressed forward desirous of pleasing God in all things.

Then "Jesus all the day long was my joy and my

song" and I cried, "O, that all His salvation might see."

Subsequent to this I first heard a colored brother relate his experience to which my mind had been previously directed by the Holy Spirit. He said, in substance that he had realized the need of not only being converted, but also had sought a heart "cleansed from all unrighteousness," so that he was enabled "to perfect holiness in the fear of God." Then I said, in my heart, O Lord give me also such an experience. This gave a new impetus to my Christian life.

After this, a young Baptist minister, in his circuit-rounds came preaching the doctrine of holiness, freedom from all inbred sin, and my young heart consequently was drawn towards him availing myself of opportunities to attend his precious services.

Finally, having left my native home—Canada—my constant desire was for the rich experience I had heard professed and so faithfully preached.

Being then brought into closer connection with the Methodists in this country who taught the same doctrine of heart cleansing from all sinful nature

and tendencies, I availed myself of a special protracted service conducted by Rev. Fay H. Purdy, a revivalist, in Lima, N. Y.; and after a very resolute and earnest effort, received the grace whereby I could say and sing—

Jesus now doth make me whole,
I am led unto the goal
Of His eternal rest!

This same Bible doctrine was ever after—in the ministry—my delight to declare to interested audiences, with some degree of success. I had “hungered and thirsted” for it in my youthful days, to find it only in more mature years, and now earnestly in much love and assurance, entreat young converts to fail not in securing the free gift of “this great salvation.”

CHAPTER XIII.

MY HUSBAND'S DIARY.

As Mrs. Post has desired me to occupy some space for diary and my likeness, I will only briefly refer to experience of the past hoping that it may not be considered ill-advised, and that it may possibly add a mite to the interest of the kindly Mission-effort and the cause of my Lord and Master, Jesus Christ. I cheerfully comply with the request.

My Diary of Long, Long Ago.

It begins with saying, "I love God, my Redeemer, with all my heart, and shall I not dwell with Him at last?"

"I have labored with some unconverted relatives faithfully, including a dear sister, (with whom I had lived at times in the days of my very youth) who at last made a good profession, having found the Saviour, all of whom we hope to meet in the grand reunion above."

Since the record of last week Christ has been very precious to me. The promises of God are comforting and encouraging.

"I was profited while reading I Pet. 1:3 etc. I found more and more need of my Saviour and have profound peace in prayer. All that saves me is Christ. I never realized this so much before. O, what peace amid temptations and trials.

"Sunday: This day I have realized the Lord as being very precious. O, what happiness it brings to be guided by pure love. O, treasure vast!"

RECENT.

His Wondrous Love.

Jesus thy won'drous love to me—

“No thought can reach, no tongue declare,”
 Draw, draw my panting heart to thee,
 And reign, dear Lord, unrivaled there!

So shall my life forever be,
 Filled with Thyself—no more to roam,
 Spotless and pure as angels ~~be~~ *free*
 Who in Yon mansions find a home.

To walk in light with Thee to go,
 Chasing all darkness far away,
 To taste the bliss with Thee to know,
 Beyond earth's realm in endless day!

There I shall see Thee as Thou art
 And “know thee Lord, as I am known,”
 And with the blood-washed glorious throng
 “Sit down with Thee upon thy throne.”

The kingdom of my blessed Lord;
 The place He doth Himself prepare
 For all who do believe His word,
 And here on earth His name declare.

How blest at last joyous we go
 To share in His eternal love,
 No more to wander here below,
 But dwell in endless bliss above!

Diary Continued.

Tuesday: Am gloriously preserved. O, Love Divine, how sweet thou art! O to grace how great a debtor, daily I'm constrained to be yet thy goodness like a fetter binds my (panting) heart to thee! It has been a profitable day for me today. I continue to hunger and thirst after righteousness. Surely this is of my God. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me; bless his holy name. Class service today; had a precious time. Yet feel weaker than a bruised reed.

"Thursday: I know that my Redeemer lives for me to intercede. Today not very well, poor health seems to remain; how easily the mind seems affected by physical disability; how needful in the time of health, and strength, to have the soul washed, purified, by the blood of Christ. O, for a greater heart, at all times, to praise my God! O, for a purer heart to speak His name!

"Friday: My confidence is strong in my Redeemer; but fear I have not watched my words as I should. Talked too much for the sake of talking

or for fear that some might think me sombre or melancholy, and that my religion is a farce. When will I be wise? When shall I learn to hold my peace and only speak to glorify God?

“Monday: I have this day reproved some friends for not keeping the holy Sabbath day. O, that they would learn of God. I would fain seek for an apology for them; but they know what God requires of them.

Have had joy and peace in believing this day. The love of God becomes more and more precious; and I have more humiliating views of myself. I want every portion of my soul to glow with God. Glory be to God. “O to grace how great a debtor!”

“Friday; Last night I had a precious season in prayer while retiring. What a delightful thing to hold communion with God. I have striven to have my heart in prayer while travelling today. I was prompted to a good act forgiving a poor man whom I belived to be honest, a debt of \$25. I thought the Lord would not be displeased with me for appropriating his property in that way. Thou knowest, Lord, that I seek not the world.

Again: Oh, how delightful to feel the mind of Jesus Christ within; to lie sweetly at the feet of Jesus. I would infinitely rather lose all earthly comforts than lose the love of Christ. O Lord, teach me more of thyself and show me more and yet more of my own heart. I have had a precious season in prayer. I would not for ten thousand worlds lose sweet communion with my God, and yet one careless hour might lead me far astray. I grow more and more helpless. Be Thou my strength.

ABIDING IN HIM.

I am redeemed, I am redeemed,
 And Jesus fills my soul-
 My many sins like mountains seemed,
 He makes the wounded whole!

O the precious name of Jesus,
 Who lived and died for me,
 By His grace He doth receive us,
 Now fully sets us free.

Jesus lover, constant friend,
 The Christ whom I adore,
 Keep me dear Savior to the end,
 Until life's cares are o'er!

In Him I live and move each day
 And shall 'til time shall end,
 Let me then never from Him stray,
 But prove a constant friend!

I soon shall go to that fair land,
 Where days are ever new;
 Angels will come at God's command,
 To bear me safely through!

Let me be borne on Seraph's wings
 Beyond yon azure blue,
 Above the stars whose glory sings,
 Which speaks our Jesus true!

W. P.

October 20, 1899.

After many years of neglected diary I would say I have ever had grace to overcome through Him who "hath loved us and hath given himself for us."

Time and circumstances have largely changed since my former diary, but my faith has been fixed in the unchangeable one who has not forsaken me, whom he hath loved from the beginning. Unwavering trust, coupled with obedience, leaves me unmoved amid all the changes around me. In sickness and in health, I "have all things and abound," always ready to chant a glad hallelujah to the King of Kings and Lord of Lords, who hath declared "I will never leave nor forsake thee." Bless His Holy name!

Committed To Him.

Jesus "thou art all compassion,"

Pure and spotless let me be,
Like the gentle dews distilling,
Let the Spirit fall on me.

Grant thy servant now the fullness
Of thy precious love divine,
Far remove, all sloth and dullness,
Make me ever, ever thine!

Lo, I wait to hear Thee speaking,
"I am ready, as Thou wilt,
Turn away from bent of sinning,
I'll remove thy every guilt."

Be Thou, then, my constant dwelling;
Let me ever live in Thee,
Thy wondrous love in me fulfilling,
Alpha and Omega be!

Then at last thy will completed,
Let me with yon angels share,
In Thy blissful mansions ever,
In Thy presence everywhere.

W. P.

In Conclusion.

“Say not thou, what is the cause that the former days were better than these? For thou dost not enquire wisely concerning this. (Eccl. 7:10). My father, Rev. Gideon Draper, Sr., was the first presiding elder of Genesee District, N. Y., which extended from Auburn through Maryland into Pennsylvania, and it required three or four months to make the round, from home and back again. Have heard him say—“I left Mrs. Draper, then a little over twenty years of age, with two little children, in tears.” They had no district parsonage then. But no cloud was ever so portentous but that he could see the “silver lining.” There is an infinite distance between the joy of the real disciple of Jesus and that of the unsaved. “The joy of the Lord is the strength of the soul.” (Neh. 8:10). We have heard him say, “We expected to see conversions at every appointment, as much as to meet the engagement, and were not disappointed.” “Marvel not that I said unto you, Ye must be born again.” (John 3:7). May we not expect the return of those

days? The arm of the Infinite is not shortened that "He cannot save, nor His ear heavy that ~~He~~ cannot hear." If all the wheels of the church of God should stand still one day for fasting and prayer; the fasting called for in the precious Word; ~~what~~ ^{pray} might we not expect in this 20th century?

BLESSED HOME OF THE SOUL.

Over eighty long years probation on earth;
 Far, far away, from the home of my soul,
 I'm sure it was time homesickness gave birth
 To hearty response at "call of the roll,"
 To hearty response at "call of the roll,"

Chorus.—

Then swell the joyful tidings,
 "Another Lost" hath found
 A mansion bright in glory,
 Swell, swell the joyful sound.

Blessed home of the soul, transcendant its beams;
 How rush now my thoughts o'er scenes of the
 past,
 When faith seemed unable to grasp Bible themes,
 Fortelling such wond'rous glory at last!
 Fortelling such wond'rous glory at last!

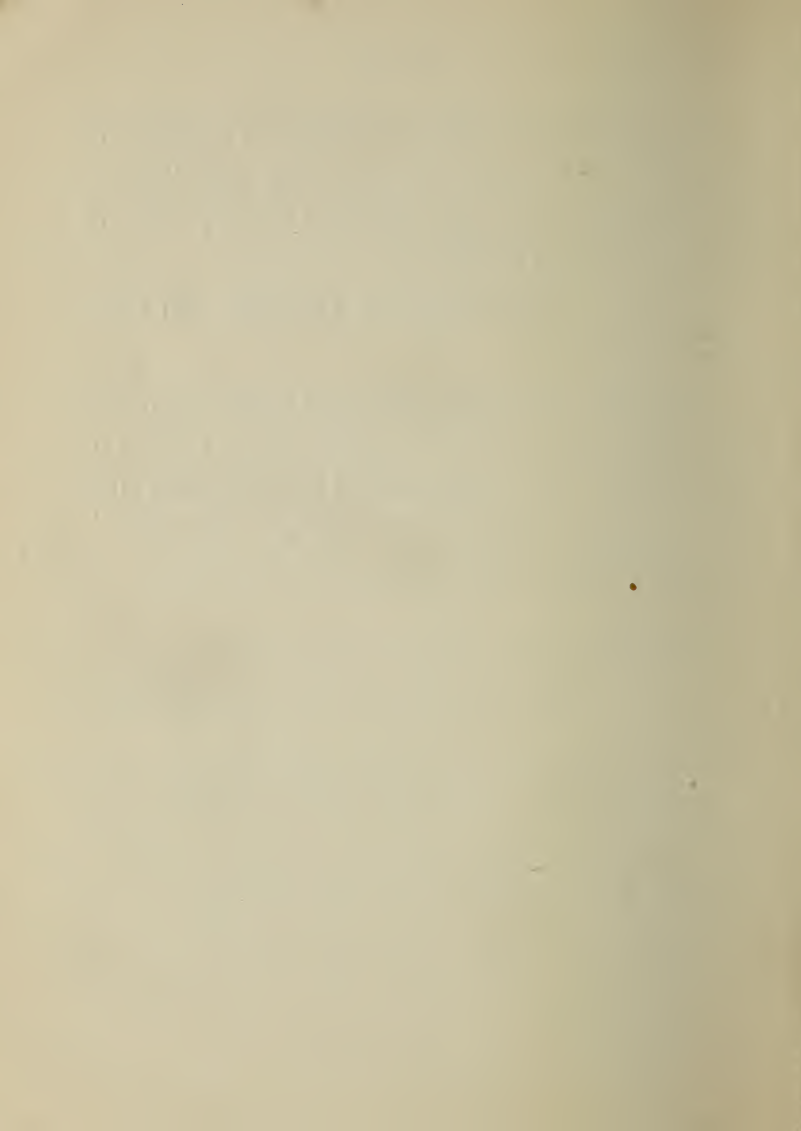
Translated beyond all temptation and cares;
 Where sickness, where pain, and tears are un-
 known;
 This "mansion" for all, our Saviour prepares,
 Who, cleansed by His blood, shall "sit on His
 throne."
 Who, cleansed by His blood, shall "sit on His
 throne."

W. P.

In concluding, we send greetings of regard and affection to all whom we have met and labored among, that survive, and continue to pray that we all may meet in Paradise.

Woodruff and Permelia Ann Post.

“Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another; and the Lord hearkened and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord and that thought on His name.”
(Malachi ³~~4~~:16).





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